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GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL Esq.

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MONUMENT TO HANDEL

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

VOL. XXIV.

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MONUMENT TO HANDEL,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In our account of the recent Musical Festival, in Westminster Abbey, we referred to the enshrinement of the remains of the illustrious composer, HANDEL,* within the walls of that sacred pile. They lie in the south transept of the Abbey, called *Poets' Corner*, from the number of monuments erected here to celebrate English poets. The name is but partially appropriate; for, besides poets, many men of genius lie sleeping here; as Camden, the antiquary, and Casaubon, the critic; Hales, the experimental philosopher, and Barrow, the eminent divine. Yet, Handel had a more kindred claim than either of these great men to interment with poets. His music lends even a charm to their sublime thoughts, and force even to their soul-stirring energies.

Some time previous to his decease, or, from the year 1751, Handel was afflicted with cataract in his eyes. From this misfortune, repeated attempts were made to relieve him, but in vain. On the first attack, his usual flow of spirits left him; and he became much dejected. His own air, from the oratorio of *Samson*, "Total Eclipse," is said always to have affected and agitated him extremely, after his loss of sight. Unable to conduct his oratorios, he placed in his seat, a Mr. Smith, the son of his copyist, a young man of considerable abilities, and not inadequate to his new and honourable station. The composer, nevertheless, with

his extempore execution on the organ, continued to delight his auditory between the acts; and placed at his conductor's elbow, still assisted in the general direction of the performance.

That Handel's loss of sight preyed upon his spirits, and affected his health, will naturally be supposed. He sank under the affliction; and, about the beginning of 1758, his appetite failed him, and he began to decline rapidly. He was, however, as usual, at his post in the orchestra, on the 6th of April, 1759; but he expired, after a very short illness, on the 13th of the same month.

Handel was buried in Westminster Abbey. The funeral service was performed by Dr. Pearce, bishop of Rochester, assisted by the choir. Not long after, the monument represented on the annexed page, was erected to Handel's memory. It was designed by Roubiliac, the most distinguished sculptor of his day; for, Lord Chesterfield said, that Roubiliac was "our only statuary, and other artists were mere stone-cutters." It is also worthy of remark, that Handel's was the last monument which Roubiliac lived to finish. It represents the great composer at full length: the figure is very finely executed, and is considered to bear a striking likeness to the original. In one hand is a folio of music, with the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Above is a female figure, playing the harp; and in the distance is a stupendous organ. The kind of pedestal whereon stands the figure of Handel, also bears the following inscription:—

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq.
born February XXIII. MDCLXXXIV.
died on Good Friday, April XIII. MDCLXIX.
L. F. Roubiliac, Sc.

Over the pointed arch of the niche, in which this interesting monument is placed, is a tablet, bearing this inscription:

"Within these sacred Walls
the memory of HANDEL
was celebrated,
under the patronage
and in the presence
of his Most Gracious Majesty
George the IIIrd.
on the XXVI and XXIX of May,
and on the III. and V. of June,
MDCCCLXXXIV.

"The Musick performed
on this Solemnity,
was selected from his own Works
under the direction of
Brownlow, Earl of Exeter,
John, Earl of Sandwich,
Henry, Earl of Uxbridge,
Sir Watkin William Wynn, Bart.
and
Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.

"The Band, consisting
of 525 Vocal and Instrumental Performers,
was conducted by
JOAH BATES, Esq."

G. F. Handel



The two annexed memorabilia of Handel may not inappropriately be appended.

First, is the great composer's Signature, from a memorandum in the original score of the opera of *Berenice*, which Handel composed in a month, and at the first performance of which, the King and Queen were present.

Secondly, is a cast of the features of Handel; the history of which is briefly as follows: Roubiliac, after the death of Handel, produced a mould from his face, which he afterwards touched upon, by opening the eyes. From this mould a few impressions were taken, of which number the original of the subjoined Engraving is one.

EARLY ENGLISH SHIPPING.

(Continued from page 6.)

EDWARD the Elder constantly kept up a fleet of 100 sail, to protect British trade and maintain the dominion of the seas; and Athelstan, his eldest son and successor, was at greater pains than his father had been to increase the naval glory and commerce of England. By one of his laws, that mariner, or merchant, was to be advanced to the dignity of a Thane who made "three voyages over the high seas, with a ship and cargo of his own;" which regulation, with others as wise, maintained for Athelstan the dominion of the seas, and obliged the princes of Denmark and Norway to pay court to him; in acknowledgment whereof, William of Malmesbury says, that "Harold, king of Norway, sent him a fine ship, with a gilded stern and purple sails, surrounded and defended on all sides with a row of gilded shields."

Respecting the maritime power of England during the reign of Edgar, much that has been related of it must be attributed to the partiality of this prince's monkish panegyrists. In the reign of Edward the Elder, the navy averaged about 100 ships; fifty years afterwards, 300 or 360 would have denoted a rapid increase in its strength and power; which number, given upon the authority of an old historian, is far more credible than

that of 3,000, or 3,600, at which latter rate 300,000 seamen, at least, would have been required to man them; and was this possible to have been the case, in the infancy of a kingdom, its trade, and shipping? It is, however, certain, though the accounts of the monks must be received with caution, that Edgar possessed more ships, and a greater degree of naval power than any of his predecessors; that thereby, the strength and wealth of his kingdom was greatly increased: and its peace he secured by dividing his fleet into three equal squadrons, which he stationed for defence on the north, south, and east coasts.

The weakness of Ethelred, and supineness of his people, caused the maritime power of England fearfully to languish and decline; nor was it until roused from their lethargy by the hostilities of their old enemies, the Danes, that they perceived their error, together with the expediency of maintaining a navy. A law was then passed (A. D. 1008) obliging "the proprietors of every 310 hides of land, to furnish a ship for the royal navy." Upon which an armament of 800 ships was raised, a greater number "than," says the Saxon chronicle, (at once stamping as fabulous the monkish histories of Edgar's navy,) "had ever been seen in England, in the reign of any former king." And humane laws were also enacted, respecting the persons, properties, and vessels of those who were wrecked near our coasts, or driven into English harbours by stress of weather. Canute's reign was so peaceful, that he reduced the number of vessels forming the royal navy to sixteen, in support of which a moderate tax was imposed, and continued during the reign of Harold, his successor.*

Hardicanute kept a fleet of sixty vessels, supported by a tax, and allowed the men the same pay as Canute; but his people considering the levy grievous, became discontented and exceedingly turbulent. An old writer gives rather a curious and dazzling description of the ships brought by Canute to invade England, as far as carving, gilding, burnishing of arms and armour, and adorning with images are concerned; if all be true that he relates, the Scandinavian nations had certainly attained at that period to a greater degree of perfection in the practice of various fine arts than we are apt to suppose. Vanes are also mentioned as attached to the mast-heads to show the direction of the wind. Yet, the representation of the Conqueror's vessels, in the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry, if also any-

* The pay was incredibly low, even at the then value of money: each mariner of this fleet received eight mancusses per annum, and each commander twelve. The mancuss was a coin equivalent to about seven shillings and a farthing of our present money. So, that in the golden days of King Canute, 2l. 16s. 2d. was the annual income of the sailor, and 4l. 4s. 3d. of his officer!

thing like correct, must tend greatly to diminish our ideas of the progress made in naval architecture at this period. William's ships are there depicted as a kind of galleys, with one mast, to which a yard-arm and very large sail, worked by pulleys, were attached. However, it must be conceded that the art of drawing was then at an ebb too low for correctness in any delineation to be relied on, the art of representing objects in embroidery still more so, and that the ladies of all ages have been, and must ever be, the least capable, with all their transcendent capabilities, of correctly portraying that master-piece of man's ingenuity, a ship. This remark we deferentially offer *en passant*, because aware that with historians and antiquarians the Bayeux Tapestry is a text-book.

It is probable that at the Conquest, the number of English ships, men-of-war and merchant vessels, amounted to between 2 and 3,000, of from twenty to a hundred tons. But the fleet of the Conqueror made in itself an important and splendid addition to British shipping, consisting, as some authors affirm, of at least 3,000 vessels; the account may be exaggerated, but small as were the galleys at this period a numerous fleet of them must necessarily have been required for the transportation of 60,000 men, with their horses, arms, and other equipments. Some of these ships returned to the Continent, but the greater part of them, with their crews, remained in England, and proved a splendid reinforcement to the British navy.

Our first and second Henries abrogated the barbarous usages of their subjects towards those who had suffered shipwreck, and their laws not only condemned to a heavy punishment "such as did them injury, and seized any of their goods;" but by a decree of the latter prince, A. D. 1174, no vessel was to be considered a wreck, from which a man or an animal (cat or dog) had escaped alive; or in which an animal was found alive, &c. Henry II. also enacted a law, A. D. 1181, prohibiting the employment of British ships and sailors in the service of foreign potentates.

The reign of the warlike Cœur de Lion, appears to have been most favourable to the maritime interests of Britain, and Geoffrey de Vinesauf, who was an eye-witness of those romantic expeditions of which he is the chronicler, affords details at once explicit and interesting, respecting the vessels and modes of naval warfare during that period.*

* "When both parties prepared for battle," says Geoffrey de Vinesauf, describing a naval engagement of the days of Richard I., "our men drew up their ships, not in a straight line, but bending like a crescent, placing the strongest ships on the points, that if the enemy attempted to break our line, they might be surrounded." This manœuvre, then, considered an invention of modern times, was, in the twelfth century, anticipated and guarded against!

According to him, the largest, best, and strongest built ships then in use were called *dromones*, which carried three masts, sailed very slowly, and were too lofty to admit of being moved by oars. A Saracen ship taken by Richard I. near the port of Acon, was probably of this kind, and of enormous magnitude, since it contained not less than 1,500 men! Three-masted ships of the second rate, called *bussæ* or *buccæ*, were also large vessels. Galleys and galleots were ships of war; the former being long, low, and narrow, with a beam extended from their prow, called the spur, with which they pierced the ships of the enemy; the latter were much shorter, had only one bank of oars instead of two, or even three, were more easily worked, and fitter for throwing fire. The trade-ships commonly used, both at sea and on large rivers, were termed *barcæ*, or barks, (a piece of Latinity now retained, though corrupted in our barge,) and craft of the smallest size were called *bascæ*, or *barbottæ*. These all had decks; and besides them, the nation now possessed boats of various descriptions and dimensions, for plying on rivers, fishing, &c. The fleet of Cœur de Lion, on his way to the Holy Land, consisted of thirteen *dromones*, 150 *bussæ*, fifty-three galleys, and numerous tenders; of which the Sicilians declared that so fine a fleet had never been seen in the harbour of Messina, and probably never would be again. It is uncertain, whether English sailors enjoyed at this period the advantage of steering by the mariner's compass, the inventor of it, and the invention itself, being involved in considerable obscurity. Towards the end of the twelfth century, or commencement of the thirteenth, the properties of the magnetic needle, however, were certainly known, and the discovery was attempted to be applied to navigation.

Hugh de Bercy, a French poet of these times, mentions an instrument termed *la marinere*, used by sailors in his day, viz. early in the thirteenth century; in this, the needle was placed upon a board that floated in a vessel of water, which hydraulic compass must have been continually subjected, in a double sense of the term, to the casualty of dipping on every motion of the vessel. In fact, the mariner's compass as we now have it, like every other important discovery designed by Providence to be lastingly useful to man, was probably not the invention of a single individual, or a single age, but has progressively arrived at perfection. English sailors were, so far back as the twelfth century, the envy and admiration of various nations for their dexterity and courage; and the proud character they thus early acquired, and have during many generations in suc-

Perhaps, it was sometimes, or had been, even practised, or why the fear that it might be? Truly, "there is nothing new under the sun!"

cession nobly maintained, may they never, never forfeit!

King John,—and the circumstance should serve to extenuate, or at least cast a softer light on the follies and errors of his character and conduct,—paid such extreme attention to the maritime interests of this kingdom, that his sailors remained zealous and faithful to his service and person, when he was abandoned by the rest of his subjects. By the edict of Hastings, (A. D. 1200,) he asserted boldly his dominion over the seas, and commanded the captains of British ships to seize all vessels which did not strike their top-sails to them, to imprison their crews, and to confiscate their cargoes, even though such vessels were subjects to, or in alliance with, England! His fleet, at the very period in which his affairs on shore were in the most desperate condition, destroyed the whole naval power of France, and sent home 300 sail of her captured vessels. M. L. B.

(To be continued.)

COTTON MANUFACTURES.

THE value of the cotton manufactures exported during the twenty-two years of the late war, from 1793 to 1815, amounted to 208 millions sterling, at the official value. The raw material, at four millions per annum, amounted to eighty-eight millions sterling. The net annual receipts from foreign countries for profits and wages, was, therefore, 120 millions, or about five and a-half millions per annum. But the whole value of all the British manufactures exported during that period was 548 millions, which, after deducting for the raw materials 148 millions, will leave 400 millions added to the taxable capital of the nation, at the rate of more than eighteen millions per annum, by amount received for wages and profit of British productive labour. In the eight years following, from 1815 to 1822, the cotton manufactures exported were upwards of 177 millions and a-half at their official value; and, deducting five millions per annum for the raw material, leave 137 millions and a-half, being about seventeen and a-quarter millions per annum; which, being added to the export of the twenty-two years preceding, will make upwards of 257 millions and a-half contributed in thirty years, by cotton manufactures alone, to the taxable capital of the nation. But in the eight years, the whole amount of exported British manufactures and produce was 332 millions; and deducting the raw materials at the increased rate of seven and a-half millions per annum, will leave 272 millions, being about thirty-four millions per annum, which being added to the produce of profits and wages for the twenty-two years of the war, as before mentioned, (400 millions,) will make 672 millions received from 1793 to 1822, being upwards of twenty-two mil-

lions and a-half per annum for wages and profits produced by British industry, and received from other nations. During the war, the sum added to the national debt by loans was 569 millions, which, it thus appears, was exceeded upwards of 100 millions by the amount received from foreign countries for the ingenuity of the English artisan, and industry of the English manufacturer.

W. G. C.

THE ROBIN.

(From the German.)

ONE cold winter's day, a robin stood pecking at the window of a cottager, as if begging for admittance. The humane cottager opened his window, and hospitably sheltered the confiding little creature. The children became much attached to the little bird, which fed upon the crumbs that fell from this poor man's table. When the spring had again clothed the trees and bushes with fresh verdure, the cottager opened his window and his little guest flew into the adjoining wood, where he built his nest and filled the air with his warbling songs. On the approach of winter, the robin, accompanied by his little mate, returned to the dwelling of the cottager. The good man and his family were much delighted when they saw them. "How expressive are the eyes of the little birds!" said one of the children; "they look as if they wish to say something." "My children," replied the father, "could the little birds speak, they would probably say 'a friendly confidence in, and a love of, man is only to be obtained by his acting with mercy and generosity.'" W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

ANTS WITH UMBRELLAS.

THE late Reverend Lansdown Guilding records the following singular habits, (in *London's Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. p. 363,) relating to what he calls the *parasol-ants*. "In Trinidad," he says, "we may see marching legions of these beings, with a leaf elevated over their heads, like a London crowd on a rainy day following the Lord Mayor's show with innumerable umbrellas; or rather, as they observe the order and decorum which the mob despise, they represent on a Lilliputian scale, with their leafy screens, the enemies of Macbeth descending from 'Birnam wood to Dunsinane.'" These leaves are, however, probably collected to cover their nest, rather than to 'shadow the number of their host.'" J. H. F.

INCONVENIENT ABUNDANCE OF ANTS IN LONDON.

At a meeting of the Entomological Society, on June 2nd, "Mr. Spence," according to the

Entomological Magazine, "exhibited some very minute ants, which, he said, had swarmed to so great a degree at Brighton, and some parts of London, that, in several instances which had come to his knowledge, the inhabitants had found no other alternative than entirely quitting their houses." J. H. F.

VEGETABLE SHOT.

"THE round, black seeds" of *Canna Indica*, L., are stated by the Reverend Lansdown Guilding, "to serve, at a small distance, for shot;" and hence the plant has received the English name of "Indian shot."—J. H. F.

EATABLE GRUBS.

OUR foreign brethren manage to make of many creatures which we despise, excellent dishes, which to their tastes are, perhaps, as delicious as the best tit-bits and messes mentioned in the works of the renowned Messrs. Ude and Kitchiner, or of that savoury lady, Mrs. Glass. In both the Indies, the larva or grub of a species of beetle, (*Calandra* or *Cordylia palmorum*,) is considered a great delicacy, even at the present day. Madame Merian, in her famous, but frequently faulty, work on the Insects of Surinam, to which country she went purposely to study this interesting class of animals, states that the natives roast these grubs, which are in size equal to the human thumb, and then eat them with great enjoyment. The Reverend Mr. L. Guilding, (*Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. p. 370,) tells us that "they are fried in butter; and the greedy epicure, holding the hard, horny head between his fingers, sucks out the fat entrails." A friend of that veteran in entomology, Mr. Kirby, informed him that "the late Sir John La Forey, who was somewhat of an epicure, was extremely fond" of this sort of food. The just named entomologist, in his clever and voluminous work, entitled an "Introduction to Entomology," suspects that the "roasted worm," stated by Ælian to have been a delicacy among the Indians, and to have been set by an Indian king before his Grecian guests, who highly approved of it, was probably the grub of this species. Now, perhaps, some reader has been all this while "turning his nose up," and wondering at the queer likings of the grub-eaters; but can he assign any reason why the grubs and so forth that add flesh to poultry and other animals which we would readily eat, should not be as good as those creatures themselves?

Temple.

J. H. F.

Select Biography.

DOCTOR DEE.

(Continued from page 38.)

FROM Prague Dee and his followers proceeded to Cracow. Here he found means of

introduction to Stephen, king of Poland, to whom immediately he insinuated as intelligence from heaven, that Rodolph, the emperor, would speedily be assassinated, and that Stephen would succeed him in the throne of Germany. Stephen appears to have received Dee with more condescension than Rodolph had done, and was once present at his incantation and interview with the invisible spirits. Dee also lured him on with promises respecting the philosopher's stone. Meanwhile the magician was himself reduced to the strangest expedients for subsistence. He appears to have daily expected great riches from the transmutation of metals, and was unwilling to confess that he and his family were in the meantime almost starving.

When King Stephen at length became wearied with fruitless expectation, Dee was fortunate enough to meet with another and more patient dupe in Rosenburg, a nobleman of considerable wealth at Trebona in the kingdom of Bohemia. Here Dee appears to have remained till 1589, when he was sent for home by Elizabeth. In what manner he proceeded during this interval, and from whence he drew his supplies, we are only left to conjecture. He lured on his victim with the usual temptation, promising him that he should be king of Poland. In the meantime it is recorded by him, that, on the 9th of December, 1586, he arrived at the point of projection; having cut a piece of metal out of a brass warming-pan, and merely heating it by the fire, and pouring on it a portion of the elixir, it was presently converted into pure silver. We are told that he sent the warming-pan and the piece of silver to Queen Elizabeth, that she might be convinced by her own eyes how exactly they tallied, and that the one had unquestionably been a portion of the other. About the same time it is said, that Dee and his associate became more free in their expenditure; and in one instance it is stated as an example, that Kelly gave away to the value of four thousand pounds sterling in gold rings on occasion of the celebration of the marriage of one of his maid-servants. On the 27th and 30th of July, 1587, Dee has recorded in his journal his gratitude to God for his unspeakable mercies on those days imparted, which has been interpreted to mean further acquisitions of wealth by means of the elixir.

Meanwhile perpetual occasions of dissension occurred between the two great confederates, Kelly and Dee. They were in many respects unfitted for each other's society. Dee was a man, who from his youth upward had been indefatigable in study and research, had the consciousness of great talents and intellect, and had been universally recognised as such, and had possessed a high character for fervent piety and blameless morals. Kelly was an impudent adventurer, a man of no

principles and of blasted reputation; yet fertile in resources, full of self-confidence, and of no small degree of ingenuity. In their mutual intercourse the audacious adventurer often had the upper hand of the man who had lately possessed a well-earned reputation. Kelly frequently professed himself tired of enacting the character of interpreter of the gods under Dee. He found Dee in all cases running away with the superior consideration; while he in his own opinion best deserved to possess it. The straitness of their circumstances, and the misery they were occasionally called on to endure, we may be sure did not improve their good understanding. Kelly once and again threatened to abandon his leader. Dee continually soothed him, and prevailed on him to stay.

Kelly at length started a very extraordinary proposition. Kelly, as interpreter to the spirits, and being the only person who heard and saw any thing, we may presume made them say whatever he pleased. Kelly and Dee had both of them wives. Kelly did not always live harmoniously with the partner of his bed. He sometimes went so far as to say that he hated her. Dee was more fortunate. His wife was a person of good family, and had hitherto been irreproachable in her demeanour. The spirits one day revealed to Kelly, that they must henceforth have their wives in common. The wife of Kelly was barren, and this curse could no otherwise be removed. Having started the proposition, Kelly played the reluctant party. Dee, who was pious and enthusiastic, inclined to submit. He first indeed started the notion, that it could only be meant that they should live in mutual harmony and good understanding. The spirits protested against this, and insisted upon the literal interpretation. Dee yielded, and compared his case to that of Abraham, who at the divine command consented to sacrifice his son Isaac. Kelly alleged that these spirits, which Dee had hitherto regarded as messengers from God, could be no other than servants of Satan. He persisted in his disobedience; and the spirits declared that he was no longer worthy to be their interpreter, and that another mediator must be found.

They named Arthur Dee, the son of the possessor of the stone, a promising and well-disposed boy of only eight years of age. Dee consecrated the youth accordingly to his high function by prayers and religious rites for several days together. Kelly took horse and rode away, protesting that they should meet no more. Arthur entered upon his office April 15, 1587. The experiment proved abortive. He saw something; but not to the purpose. He heard no voices. At length Kelly, on the third day, entered the room unexpectedly, "by miraculous fortune," as Dee says, "or a divine fate," sat down between them, and immediately saw figures

and heard voices, which the little Arthur was not enabled to perceive. In particular he saw four heads inclosed in an obelisk, which he perceived to represent the two magicians and their wives, and interpreted to signify that unlimited communion in which they were destined to engage. The matter, however, being still an occasion of scruple, a spirit appeared, who by the language he used was plainly no other than the Saviour of the world, and took away from them the larger stone; for now it appears there were two stones. This miracle at length induced all parties to submit; and the divine command was no sooner obeyed, than the stone which had been abstracted, was found again under the pillow of the wife of Dee.

It is not easy to imagine a state of greater degradation than that into which this person had now fallen. During all the prime and vigour of his intellect, he had sustained an eminent part among the learned and the great, distinguished and honoured by Elizabeth and her favourite. But his unbounded arrogance and self-opinion could never be satisfied. And seduced, partly by his own weakness, and partly by the insinuations of a crafty adventurer, he became a mystic of the most dishonourable sort. He was induced to believe in a series of miraculous communications without common sense, engaged in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and no doubt imagined that he was possessed of the great secret. Stirred up by these conceptions, he left his native country, and became a wanderer, preying upon the credulity of one prince and eminent man after another, and no sooner was he discarded by one victim of credulity, than he sought another, a vagabond on the earth, reduced from time to time to the greatest distress, persecuted, dishonoured, and despised by every party in their turn. At length by incessant degrees he became dead to all moral distinctions, and all sense of honour and self-respect. "Professing himself to be wise he became a fool, walked in the vanity of his imagination," and had his understanding under total eclipse. The immoral system of conduct in which he engaged, and the strange and shocking blasphemy that he mixed with it, render him at this time a sort of character that it is painful to contemplate.

Led on as Dee at this time was by the ascendancy and consummate art of Kelly, there was far from existing any genuine harmony between them; and, after many squabbles and heart-burnings, they appear finally to have parted in January, 1589, Dee having, according to his own account, at that time delivered up to Kelly, the elixir and the different implements by which the transmutation of metals was to be effected.

Various overtures appear to have passed

now for some years between Dee and Queen Elizabeth, intended to lead to his restoration to his native country. Dee had upon different occasions expressed a wish to that effect; and Elizabeth, in the spring of 1589, sent him a message, that removed from him all further thought of hesitation and delay. He set out from Trebona with three coaches, and a baggage train correspondent, and had an audience of the queen at Richmond towards the close of that year. Upon the whole it is impossible, perhaps, not to believe, that Elizabeth was influenced in this proceeding by the various reports that had reached her of his extraordinary success with the philosopher's stone, and the boundless wealth he had it in his power to bestow. Many princes at this time contended with each other, as to who should be happy enough by fair means or by force to have under his control the fortunate possessor of the great secret, and thus to have in his possession the means of inexhaustible wealth. Shortly after this time the Emperor Rodolph seized and committed to prison Kelly, the partner of Dee in this inestimable faculty, and, having once enlarged him, placed him in custody a second time. Meanwhile Elizabeth is said to have made him pressing overtures of so flattering a nature that he determined to escape and return to his native country. For this purpose he is said to have torn the sheets of his bed, and twisted them into a rope, that by that means he might descend from the tower in which he was confined. But, being a corpulent man of considerable weight, the rope broke with him before he was half way down, and, having fractured one or both of his legs, and being otherwise considerably bruised, he died shortly afterwards. This happened in the year 1595.

Dee continued to his own account, delivered to commissioners appointed by Queen Elizabeth to inquire into his circumstances) came from Trebona to England in a state little inferior to that of an ambassador. He had three coaches, with four horses harnessed to each coach, two or three loaded wagons, and a guard, sometimes of six, and sometimes of twenty-four soldiers, to defend him from enemies, who were supposed to lie in wait to intercept his passage. Immediately on his arrival he had an audience of the queen at Richmond, by whom he was most graciously received. She gave special orders, that he should do what he would in chemistry and philosophy, and that no one should on any account molest him.

But here end the prosperity and greatness of this extraordinary man. If he possessed the power of turning all baser metals into gold, he certainly acted unadvisedly in surrendering this power to his confederate, immediately before his return to his native country. He parted at the same time with

his gift of prophecy, since, though he brought away with him his miraculous stone, and at one time appointed one Bartholomew, and another one Hickman, his interpreters to look into the stone, to see the marvellous sights it was expected to disclose, and to hear the voices and report the words that issued from it, the experiments proved in both instances abortive. They wanted the finer sense, or the unparalleled effrontery and inexhaustible invention which Kelly alone possessed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The Public Journals.

THE ENGLISH BOY.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were
born." *Athenide.*

Look from the ancient mountains down
My noble English Boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march
Pass'd o'er that old firm sod;
For well the land hath fealty held
To Freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English Boy!
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore,
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, 'midst oak and yew!
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
Gaze on, my English Boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minister lifts the cross
High thro' the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free hearts' blood,
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, further yet—
My gallant English Boy!
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstain'd;
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light
 Along our shore is set,
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet!
 Lift up thy heart, my English Boy!
 And pray, like them to stand,
 Should God so summon thee to guard
 The altars of the land.

Blackwood's Magazine.

BRINGING HOME.—BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

To every true Englishman, HOME is a magic sound; every true English author stamps upon his page an intense feeling of its sacred and affectionate power. The thousand incidents, interests, and relationships that spring thence, and wrap our mortal life in all its varieties of peace, or happiness, or misery, have been depicted by the strongest and the feeblest pens, with an equal feeling of pleasure, but with far different degrees of vigour. To my mind, no circumstances connected with home are more attractive or affecting than the bringing thither individuals in the various stages of existence, under the various aspects of fortune. I have seen the infant, who, to use a Hibernicism, was born from home, brought thither. I have seen the eager groups of servants, of brothers and sisters, springing forth from the domestic door as the sound of the carriage approached, in which the little stranger and its parents were coming. I have heard the exclamations of delight, of loving welcome,—seen the earnest looks and gestures of curious joy,—the crowding round to gaze on the little, unknown face,—the snatching up of the long-desired prize,—the hurrying altogether of the happy family into that abode which, henceforth, is the home of all.

Again, I have seen the boy come bounding in from his half-year's absence at school, all life, and health, and pleasure,—seen the glad embraces and shaking of hands,—heard the cries of surprise at his growth, his change, his improvement. I have seen, too, the gentle, timid girl return under the same circumstances—seen the mother's kisses, her tears, her proud smiles; seen the former playmate waiting to welcome her; and beheld what a change a little time had made even in those young creatures; how the gay familiarity of the days ere they parted, were gone,—how they looked at each other, and felt strange, and evidently wondered in their own minds at the alteration in each other, so grown, so different, so unlike the beings of each other's memory, till they became shy and silent.

I have seen the tall youth coming from abroad, from his first field perhaps,—a boy when he went, now a man, with a lofty, dashing figure, a manly face, a manly voice, and so grown out of his former self that it required some time and intercourse to discover, in the depths of his heart and nature,

the beloved being that he went away. I have seen such a youth come home, not to the joy and triumph of his family,—but to die. I have stood by the graves of the companions of my youth who have dispersed themselves in the world, and have not come back even to die, but have been borne to their native scenes on the bier, that their ashes might mingle with the ashes of their kindred.

These things I have seen;—these every one sees, and almost every day,—but it was my lot lately to notice one or two incidents arising out of this strong law of nature that deserve a more particular attention.

"Now," said my friend Pendock Pattel, "if you were a clergyman I could give you a good thing." "What is that?" said I. "Why," he replied, "a rectory of six hundred a year. Our old minister is dead, and I have the living to dispose of. I have already a dozen offers for its purchase; but if I sell any thing it shall be something of my own—this I shall give." "That is right," I replied. "And pray give it to some worthy man who has nothing besides." "Let me see," he added, "who that can be? I will—I think I know the man." He sat down to write, and rising up with a smile, said,—“You shall see the effect of this,”—and went out.

I attempted, on his return, to renew the subject; but he took down his gun, and said, "Come, let us have a turn into the fields." In the fields I again returned to the topic; he again turned it off. I was silent.

As we sat at dinner two days afterwards, the Rev. Charles N—— was announced. Pendock rose up, with a sudden flush, and said, "Show him in;"—and in the same instant entered a clergyman of about his own age, of a most interesting appearance. He made a most respectful yet dignified obeisance to Pendock; who, on his part, sprang towards him, seized him by the hand, cried, "Ten times welcome, my old friend Charles,"—and turning to me said, "Behold our new Rector!"

If I was pleased with the appearance of the clergyman, I was much more when the excitement and surprise of the moment were gone by, and we sat in the midst of general discourse. I felt him at once to be a man of high talent, genuine piety, and with a heart warm even to poetry. I looked repeatedly at Pendock, with the design of saying, You have made an excellent choice; but I saw in his gratified eye and manner, that he was so conscious of it that my words were needless. When I knew the history of Charles N——, I thanked Pendock, honoured his judgment, and loved him from my soul.

Charles was the son of a poor widow, who

had spent the bulk of her income, and lived herself in the narrowest style to educate him for the church. Scarcely had he taken orders when she died; her income died with her, and he had no resource but a small curacy which he obtained in an obscure village. He had, however, passed through the University with high honours, his talents were of the first order; he was of an ardent temperament, and felt confident of pushing his way to a competence in the Church. In those days of youthful fancy and soaring hope, he saw, and loved, and married. His wife had but little property. Charles never connected the ideas of love and money in his mind; he found her every thing he wished, and he looked for fortune from another source. But years went on, and on, and still he was only a poor curate, while every year added regularly to his family. As he did not succeed to his wish in his profession, he determined to try the effects of his pen. He wrote poems and essays for periodicals,—he wrote a volume of sermons,—he wrote "Tales of the Parish," illustrating scenes and characters which he had witnessed in the course of his pastoral duties; but he found the path of literature as fully pre-occupied as that of church preferment; and those buoyant dreams of youth dispersing at once, he saw before him a prospect of poverty, labour, and obscurity,—a prospect of toil, and degradation for his wife,—a prospect for his children which wrung his fine and sensitive spirit with inexpressible agony. He sank into a stupor of despondency that threatened to terminate in aberration of intellect. This, at length, passed away. The unwearied condolence and affection of his wife, the sense of his duty to her and to his children, the power of religion roused him again to pursue his gloomy track, though it was in tears and sadness of heart. Years still went on, and brought no change, but continued increase of family; his vicar regularly paid his annual visit, pocketed his eight hundred, paid him his eighty pounds, and departed to his distant abode. All his early hopes were dead; but they had left behind them a morbid fondness for castle-building, in which his wife would often join him. They would frequently sit in their little room, or as they went their quiet walk through the fields, beyond the village, while their children ran and gathered flowers, or pursued insects around them, they would please themselves with supposing that some distant relation, they could not tell who, should die, and leave them an unexpected property; or they would suppose some particular circumstance should throw a generous patron in their way, and they should, at once, rise to happiness and usefulness; but these dreams gilded only a few moments, and left their horizon darker than before.

As they sat one autumn morning at their breakfast table, and saw the sun shining on the dark leaves of their little garden, and looking out beyond, saw its gleam lying on the silent fields, now cleared of harvest, Charles said, "Oh! how blessed are they that can ride far away in such a sun as this, and with a heart free from the vulture-beak of care, ascend heathy mountains, and look forth on the living sea, and breathe its vigorous gales. Such a life seems half-way to heaven; but for us, heaven must be reached at one stage, and that through the avenue of death."

As he uttered these melancholy words, the servant entered, and laid a letter on the table. He took it up, opened it, and as he read, his wife, who watched him earnestly, saw his colour at once vanish, the letter fell, and he sat looking on the opposite wall, as stricken with some sense-destroying calamity. She sprang up, and seized the letter; and at the same instant, Charles sprang up, and clasping her in a convulsive embrace, burst into a torrent of passionate tears; and then snatching up his children, one after another, and embraced them with the vehemence and gestures of a man deranged. During this time his trembling wife read the letter. It ran thus:—

"Aldacre, Sept. 9, 18—

"Old Friend,—What are you doing? Are you settled down to a plentiful portion, or will you accept one? Our old raven, who has croaked, rather than preached these last ten years, has fallen off the perch.—Will you succeed him? I want a man that will be a friend for myself, and a father for my parish—Are you the man? There are six hundreds a-year, so it merits your attention. Pray, come and see.—Yours, very truly,

"PENDOCK PATTEL."

Charles well remembered Pendock. At college they had been great companions, but he had never heard of him since; and in all his day-dreams, Pendock had never presented himself as a patron. There was a levity in the letter, which would have made the speculation, so far as it regarded friendship, rather dubious, had he not known the man. But he knew that, with a fondness for a little license of speech, he had a generous soul, unless much altered, and had, too, in his general mood, a sterling love of whatever was noble, intellectual, and pure in taste.

Charles was speedily at Aldacre, as we have seen; and a little time sufficed to convince both patron and rector, that the event which made the fortune of one, would eminently augment the happiness of both. I sat that evening a delighted listener, hearing the two friends recount the histories of college days, and hearing Charles lay open the detail of his after-life, up to this moment,—a detail which at once saddened us with the deepest

commiseration, and made us again rejoice that Providence had put it into the heart of Pendock to write to his old associate.

"And now," said Pendock, "you must be off in the morning for your family. You must pack up in haste, and be back in a week."

In the morning he was gone with a light heart; and immediately Pendock and myself set to work. We explored the rectory. The last incumbent left no family; there was not a moment's need of delay; we had immediate possession; and partly with the purchase of the best of the furniture, partly with new from the neighbouring town, we soon had the picturesque old place put into most comfortable, and even elegant array. By the day that the new rector and his family were to come, all was in order: every thing looked clean, bright, and habitable. Fires were burning within; the garden grass-plots and walks were all trimmed and cleaned; and the villagers were looking, ever and anon, out of their doors, to get the first glimpse of their new minister. Pendock and myself posted ourselves under a large, old mulberry-tree, in an elevated part of his pleasure-grounds, to watch their approach; and the moment we saw the yellow panels of the chaise flash between the trees in the lane, down we ran to meet them.

Never shall I forget this joyful Bringing Home! There was the happy father, all flushed with smiles, and tears, and happiness; there we handed out his wife—a gentle, delicate creature, with a lovely face, that long care and sadness had stamped their melancholy upon, and which, with the expression of present joy, was pale as death. We handed her out, but she trembled so with emotion that she could not walk, and we bore her in our arms, and laid her upon her own sofa, in her own parlour. There, too, were seven children, all, except the youngest, who was too young to be conscious of the great change which had taken place in their destiny—full of eager joy and curiosity. And what a delight was it to see Pendock's exultation, and to see the happy father and mother, when Mrs. N—— had a little recovered herself, kneel down, with all their children about them, and with us, too, and pour out their souls to God in thanksgiving, for His great, great goodness, and call upon Him for strength and wisdom, to execute those plans of usefulness, so often vowed in the days of darkness.

What a delight was it, too, to go with the glad family, and to witness their satisfaction, as they beheld the extent, and comfort, and various conveniences of that ample, old house, and to hear them appropriate each room to its particular destination. This shall be our breakfast-room, this our drawing-room; this is Charles's study—oh! how well already

supplied with books. Kind, kind friend! This our bed-room,—this for our guests, there for the children, this for the nursery,—and so on. It was a beautiful, old place: somewhat low, and somewhat sombre, and its various projections and gables, overhung with vines, and ivy, and other creeping plants; but then it had large bay-windows opening into the garden, through which summer would send the odours of numberless flowers; and the sunshine would come in, and fill the place with a pleasant glory. Its garden was large and old-fashioned, with its bowery walks and hazel clumps: its fish-pond at the bottom, and its mighty plane-tree spreading its branches over the rustic seat,—over the smooth, mossy turf,—over the still waters themselves. But I cannot tell all the delights of the parsonage—its crofts and outhouses, and horse, and cow; nor the joy of the people, who instinctively discovered in a moment that a good friend was come amongst them. That evening was one of the most blessed of my life. We spent it with the Rector and his family, dining with him for the first time that he dined in the home of his whole future life. It was a day like a day in heaven; and Pendock writes me, that every day is to him a day of thankfulness over this transaction.

Let us witness a different scene. I was sitting on a rocky eminence in the north of England, looking down into a deep, long vale, when the sound of a single bell from the lone, grey church, in the bottom of the valley, caught my ear. I arose and descended to the village. As I drew near I could perceive that the bell tolled for a funeral, and every face wore that depth of gloom which announces some more than ordinary sorrow. When I had learned the cause, my heart was touched also with a sadness, such as it had seldom experienced.

In this village had, for many generations, dwelt one great family. A gentleman of fortune, in a distant county, had married the sole heiress of this house; and to gratify her fondness for her native place, had built an elegant abode here, and here chiefly lived. They had been married some years, and had three children; when, during a winter spent in London, the lady had been seduced, and had fled to the Continent with her seducer. This, as might have been expected, upon a mind particularly sensitive, and upon a heart devotedly attached to her, and up to the fatal moment of the elopement totally unsuspecting, had nearly destroyed her husband. He retired with his children to his own ancestral seat, and lived in a deep and melancholy seclusion. The lady's father, a man of a stern and passionate character, at first exhibited the madness of passion, and then settled down into the sullen silence of

unappeasable hatred. Years went over; when, at length, the father and husband, at the same instant, received each a letter from the lost one—at the point of death—in penitence and in destitution. It was written with that harrowing sense of her crime, of all she had lost, and lost for ever, that would touch the most resentful spirit, if it possessed any portion of human feeling. She prayed for pardon—pardon ere she died; and she asked for nothing more except a grave—a grave in her native ground. With the approach of death, not all her sense of her crime and her ignominy could quench the spirit of her youth; it returned—and she yearned to lie in the spot where she had been born,—where alone she had been innocent and happy.

The father, more true to his resentment than to paternal nature, preserved a sullen silence. Her husband wrote that he forgave her,—that he prayed God to forgive her; and that, as the once-loved creature of his young affections,—as the once wife of his bosom,—as the mother of his children,—she should lie in a tomb which he would build on purpose for her in her native earth. She read the letter and expired!

They were now bringing the unconscious prodigal to her first and last home. I saw the hearse move slowly and gloomily up the mountain road; I saw the peasants go out and gaze upon it, as it drove up to the gates of the churchyard, with weeping eyes, and sobs of mingled emotions. The guilty, the punished, the repentant,—the once happy and idolized creature, come from a terrible and forsaken deathbed,—without one kindred mourner, one friend, one attendant, save the hirelings of death,—to sleep in the spot which one weak, guilty deed had sown with perpetual sorrows. Her husband, her children were in their distant home: her father, with a heart more hard and gloomy than the rock into which she was descending, was within sound of her funeral bell, and cursed her memory as he heard it toll.

It was a Bringing Home that filled me with indescribable sensations of wretchedness, and haunted me for many a day, though I again walked amid the crowds and cheerful sounds of the city.—*Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.*

THE DANISH THEATRE.

THE present flourishing condition of the stage in Denmark is a subject well worthy of notice. Mention has already been made, in these and preceding notices, of dramatic novelties—tragedies, comedies, operas, and vaudevilles—succeeding one another with astonishing rapidity, many of them capable of bearing a comparison with, perhaps, the best dramatic productions of any other country whatever. Nor are the performers on the

Copenhagen boards less eminent for skill in art: Ryge, for example, Winslow and Nielsen in the line of tragedy; Frydendahl, Stage,* Rosekilde, Foerson, and Phister, in comedy; and of female performers, Mrs. Wexschall, Miss Jurgenson, and Mrs. Heiberg, (the latter the wife of Professor Heiberg,) an actress of remarkable versatility of talent, being equally distinguished in scenes of humour and of pathos. In the department of the opera, the Danish stage possesses fewer attractions, though its *prima donna*, Miss Zrza, is not without a host of admirers, prepared to vindicate her claim to a high station among the vocalists of the day; and in that of the ballet, its condition, with a solitary exception, is, as might be expected, deplorable. On the other hand, it is distinguished by the excellence of its orchestra, than which, that of the Italian opera excepted, London itself possesses none superior. Attached to the theatre of Copenhagen, are a musical *conservatoire*, under the direction of Professor Siboni; and a school of elocution for the education of young aspirants to Thespian fame; none of whom are admitted to figure on the boards until they have served an apprenticeship, which is of longer or shorter duration, according to the talent and proficiency of the individual. From the moment of his admission, however, the actor becomes an *employé* of the crown; his salary is definitely fixed; and on his retirement from the stage from age, or whatever other cause, he receives a pension proportioned to his merit and past services.† “Benefits” are things unknown; but Evening Entertainments (as they are named) are occasionally permitted, which comes to the same thing. In like manner, the emoluments of writers for the stage, are determined by a graduated scale, regulating the prices of accepted plays, from a one-act to a five-act piece. One successful production of the latter class, and two or three of the former, entitle an author, moreover, to a free admission for life. Another novel feature in the theatrical concerns of Denmark is the mode adopted of letting out the boxes. In place of leaving their occupation to chance and the attractions of the play-bill, the boxes of the Copenhagen theatre are put up to public auction, and families hire and afterwards sub-let them for a certain night in the week throughout the season. A full box-audience at any rate is thus secured, while the chance of filling the rest of the house is at the same time augmented, and the performers are spared the annoyance of playing to empty benches.

* This name is a disyllable, and the *g* in it is pronounced hard.

† It is but fair to add that a system of strict discipline is maintained among the actors and actresses of the Copenhagen stage; and that acts of insubordination are punishable with incarceration in a prison called the Blue Tower.

Another arrangement also, not long since introduced from Germany, has been beneficial in preventing that uproar and confusion which characterize the *storming* of a *pit* by a London audience. A portion of the pit, railed off from the rest, and called the *Parquet*, is provided with comfortable seats, (a sort of arm-chairs,) and numbered; tickets with corresponding numbers are sold at the door, and give the purchaser easy access to his seat, sparing him the necessity and unpleasantness of forcing himself, *vi et armis*, into the part of the house where he wishes to go to. The decency and order, finally, of the Copenhagen theatre, are not less worthy of imitation. None of those scenes of riot and outrage are witnessed in it, which too frequently disgrace the theatres of London; and the performances are, with very rare exceptions, never interrupted by unreasonable applause, or the reverse, the audience withholding to the end of the act, or of the piece, the expression of their approval or disapprobation. The very *damning* of a play is managed with a degree of decorum, five minutes only being allowed for the strife of conflicting voices, at the expiration of which time, silence is instantaneously restored, as if by magic, by three strokes on a gong.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

THE SHARK.

(From "The Cruise of the Midge," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

We were not, where we sat, much above four feet out of the water, and several flying fish had come on board that morning, and just as I was helping Dicky to a little water, to wash down the soaked biscuit that, through Lennox's kindness, he had been feeding on, dash—a flying fish flew right against Dennis Donovan's cheek, and dropped wallowing and floundering into his plate.

"Blazes, what is that?"

"Oh, what a beautiful leetle fis!" said the child.

But Dennis, honest man, did not recover his equanimity during the whole meal. Immediately after breakfast, one of the men who was looking out astern, sung out in a low tone, as if afraid the fish should hear, "A shark, sir, close under the stern." We gently hauled the frigate's boat alongside to be out of the way, and, on looking over the taffarel, there was the monster, sure enough, about three feet below the surface of the clear green water, eyeing us with the greatest composure.

As if in no ways daunted, but as determined to have a nearer and better view of us, he gradually floated up, until his dorsal fin was a foot out of the water, and his head but just covered by it. We instantly got a hook baited, and let down. The fish was about twelve feet long; and, as I leant over the low stern of the vessel, when she sank

on the fall of the swell, I could have touched the monster's head with a handspike. There was something very exciting in being on terms of such intimacy with a creature who would have thought it capital sport to have nipped you in two.

He eyed the bait and the hook, and then drew back about a yard from it, and ogled me again, as much as to say, "Not to be had so clumsily, Master Brail; but if you would oblige me with one of your legs, now, or even an arm, I would vastly prefer it to the piece of rancid salt pork you offer me, on that rusty piece of crooked iron there."

Here again he reconnoitred the bait, and then looked up, with a languishing eye, at little Dicky Phantom, that Lennox was now holding on the taffarel. "Ah," again said sharkee to himself, I make no question, "ah, *that's* the thing I want. What a morsel *that* would be!" and he made one or two rushes hither and thither, as one has seen a dog do, before settling down steadily on end, to look up at the morsel an urchin is tantalizing him with. At length, seeing I was so unaccommodating, so inexorable, as not even to oblige him with a limb, and that Dicky Phantom was altogether forbidden fruit, he made an angry rush and vanished below the counter.

"Poo, confound him, he can't be hungry," quoth Mr. Weevil the purser, who had hold of the line, as he pulled it in, hand over hand, until the bait was close under foot, when, just as it was rising out of the water, the shark, finding that it must be either salt junk or no fare, made a sudden grab at the bait, gorged it, and dashed off with it, and, alack-a-daisy, with the purser also; for, dreaming no harm, he had taken a turn round his left arm, as he hauled in the line, which, by the sudden jerk, *ran*; and if Lennox and old Drainings had not caught him by the heels, he would have been overboard. And there was the hideous fish, wallowing, and floundering, and surging about, within a fathom of the purser, who was hanging over the stern, like a side of beef laid in, at sailing, for sea stock, his head dipping into the water every now and then, as the vessel rose and fell, while he struggled, and spluttered, and twisted, in a vain attempt to get his arm loose; while the shark backed and backed like a restive horse, and dragged and jerked about until I thought the purser's fin would, absolutely have been torn from his shoulder.

All this while, the crew were like to explode with laughter, while poor Weevil roared, "Haul me in, for goodness' sake, or he will swallow me—haul!"—Here his head would sink into the water, and his sentence end in a great coughing and spluttering, until, just as he was on the point of being suffocated, out his nob would be dragged again by the pitching of the vessel, so as to enable him to

renew his shouts for succour. At length the shark being a good deal exhausted, was brought close under the stern, when I sent two bullets, from my double-barrelled Manton, through his head, right between his eyes.

"Ah," quoth old Drainings, the cook, "that has settled him, or the devil is in it; so lend a hand, Lennox," (the marine had hold of one of the purser's legs, and the *artiste*! the other,) "so lend a hand, Lennox, and, during the lull, let us bouse in Mr. Weevil. Ho, yo, yo, yo, oh!"

The wounded shark had borne the loss of his brains with great composure, but the instant he felt the renewed pull at the pork in his maw, as if he had been only stunned, he started off at a tangent as strong as ever, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, the purser's starboard leg was whipped out of Jack Lennox's clutches; but the one to port being in old Drainings' iron claws, was held fast by the cook, for he was a great ally of Weevil.

"Don't, for goodness' sake, let me go, Mr. Drainings," roared Weevil, "don't,"—splutter,—splutter—oh—cough, cough. The little vessel at this moment sended heavily, giving a strange sort of swinging lurch or wallop, and, as if shaking her sides with laughter, again dipped his head a foot under water.

As the poor purser rose with a jerk to the surface, the shark, having had momentary scope to sink, kept his own so resolutely, that *clip*, as a climax to the fun, the old cook was torn from his hold, and away he went, still clinging to the purser's leg, and if his own had not been seized by Lennox and myself, he would have been overboard also. I was now like to die with laughter. I could scarcely keep my hold; as for speaking, it was out of the question, for the shark, and purser, and cook, like a string of Brobdignag sausages, were floundering in the calm water, close under our counter, all linked together.

"Mr. Peake, that boathook there,—quick, bring the boathook."—Little Joe was no admirer of Weevil, and, as he made believe to hook him by the waistband of the breeches, as he struggled in the water, he contrived to dig the sharp point of the instrument into his stern frame more than once; and at length, when he did catch him, it was by nothing that would hold, but by one of the pockets of his coat, which instantly gave, and out flew into the water, his snuff-box, pocket-handkerchief, and a nondescript pouch of seal-skin, rolled up.

"Lord save us, dinna drown the spleuchan," exclaimed Lennox, as it dropped into the sea.

"Hook him again," shouted I.

"Oh, Lord, captain, haul me in, haul me in, or I must let go Mr. Weevil's leg," sung out cookey.

"Don't, for goodness' sake, do that thing my dear Mr. Drainings," roared the purser. Here Joey caught him again with the boat-hook, by the cape of his coat; and, with the assistance of two men, he had got him a foot or two out of the water, when, *screeed*,—the cloth, which was of no kindred to that which composed Bailie Jarvie's skirts,—gave way, and down he plumped again *souse*, and the splashing and struggling, and cursing and coughing, and blowing of fish and men, were renewed with two-fold extravagance, until, by a fortunate dig, the iron hook was finally passed through the head-band of his nether garment, and the canvass fortunately holding, we hauled him in, with Drainings still sticking to him like grim Death, or a big sucker-fish; then, by slipping down a bowling knot over the shark's head, and under his gills, we hoisted him in on deck, which he soon had all to himself entirely; I really expected he would have stove it in with the lashing of his tail. We hammered him on the head until we had crushed it to mummy, but, like many other strange fish, he appeared to get on as well without brains as with. In fine, he would have taken the ship from us out and out, had old Shavings not watched his opportunity, and nicked him on the tail with his hatchet, thereby severing his spine, when a complete paralysis instantly took place, and he lay still; but even an hour after he was disembowelled, he writhed about the deck like an eel.

New Books.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

[SIR EGERTON BRYDGES is a veteran in literature: he is in his seventy-second year; at the age of fourteen he first had a propensity to poetry, and at the age of fifteen he fixes his ambition to write verses for life; so that it is upwards of fifty years since Sir Egerton first appeared before the public as an author. Yet there is a paper from his pen in a Magazine of the present month, which evinces all the vigorous maturity of manhood; and in the Preface to the work before us, Sir Egerton writes: "I am fully conscious of the fault of my morbid sensitiveness, and that it has been my bane through life. But I am more serene and cheerful now in my old age than I have ever been before when in comparative prosperity; and I look upon the glories of creation with still more vivid and rapturous delight. I still continue to behold with ineffable pleasure the rosy sunrise over the gigantic Alps; and never for four years have I, for one day, been sleeping at the dawn: while I write these words, it is in full blaze over the Lake, which glitters with a splendour so dazzling as almost to blind

me!" Again, Sir Egerton tells us upon the same page, that when in the depression of his spirits six or seven years ago, he lost all hope, he clung to the few fragments of high praise, which two or three choice spirits had conferred upon him. He really believes that three or four cherished lines in the hand of Wordsworth, upon one of his sonnets, saved him from a total mental wreck; and the recovery was completed by the letters of Southey and Lockhart, which have been so deeply impressed on his heart, that, while it beats, they will never be effaced or faded. How gratifying must this acknowledgment be to the bestowers of such high praise; for it has the genuine fervour of sincerity.

The work before us professes to contain much that is acceptable to every reader. Its title-page, printed in black and red, is a literary curiosity.—"The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. R. J. (Per legem terræ) Baron Chandos of Sudeley, &c. (This is explained by Sir Egerton having, for several years, claimed that barony, but with defeat.) Then Sir Egerton's armorial bearings, which it would take a column to describe, for he is an optimist in such matters. Next, the motto:

Most men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong.
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
Shelley.

Again, the label of the volumes is unique: it consists of an escutcheon with the title emblazoned in gold, and surmounted with a coronet. Surely this is in bad taste; though our cavil be matter of little moment.

The interior of the volume has more sterling claims upon our attention. It is a most fascinating specimen of autobiographical writing, besides a rich storehouse of ably written criticisms, and inquiries of intense interest—all mixed up with racy anecdotes of contemporaries, and curious sketches of their habits, their excellencies, and eccentricities. We intend to quote somewhat copiously from pages so rife with intellectual entertainment; though rather for the sake of its personal anecdotes than for the views and opinions of the autobiographer, since their examination would be unsuited to our columns. At present we quote from Sir Egerton's youth, in the first chapter:]

I was born 30th of November, 1762; the eighth child and second surviving son of a country gentleman. The spot of my nativity was the manor-house of Wootton, between Canterbury and Dover. I derived my baptismal names from my mother's first cousin, Samuel Egerton, Esq. of Tatton Park, in Cheshire, many years M.P. for that county; who, at his death in January, 1780, left my mother a legacy of 8,000*l*. The first eight

and a half years of my life were spent at Wootton, except the autumn of 1767, in my fifth year, when I was carried with my family to Margate for sea-bathing. I have a lively remembrance of the scenery, and many little incidents, and many feelings on that first occasion of separation from my native home.

In July, 1771, I was sent to Maidstone school; and in July, 1775, removed to Canterbury school, where I remained till August, 1780. In October of the same year I went to Queen's College, Cambridge; where I kept my terms till Christmas, 1782; and then removed to the Middle Temple, by which society I was called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1787, at the age of twenty-five.

From eight years old I was passionately fond of reading, and had always a propensity to poetry, at least from the age of fourteen. I do not believe the theory promulgated by Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, that the literary bent a man takes is accidental. I am convinced that it entirely arises from the inborn structure of his mind. I cannot be mistaken in saying that Nature gave me extraordinary sensitiveness of impressions; and that those impressions remained sufficiently long on my mind to enable me to reflect on them, and by degrees make pictures of my own from them, on which it delighted me to dwell. This necessarily led me to love poetry, and to attempt to write it.

My sensitiveness from childhood was the source of the most morbid sufferings, as well as of the most intense pleasures. It unfitted me for concourse with other boys, and took away all self-possession in society. It also produced ebbs and flows in my spirits, and made me capricious and humorsome; and the opinions formed of me were most opposite; some thinking well of my faculties, others deeming me little above an idiot. I was so timid on entering into school, and my spirits were so broken by separation from home, and the rudeness of my companions, that in my first schoolboy years I never enjoyed a moment of ease or cheerfulness. But I was perfect in my lessons, and never was punished during the nine years of my pupilage, for I got into no mischief or scrapes; and at Canterbury was, next to C. Abbot, (afterwards Lord Tenterden,) the head of my form. Our senior master, Dr. Osmund Beauvoir, was an excellent classical scholar, of fine taste, and some genius. Many of these feelings, which I should now consider as necessarily associated to a poetical temperament, I then painfully concealed, lest they should subject me to ridicule; but I always entertained the resolution and the hope, some day, to break into notice.

My eldest sister was fourteen years and a half older than me: she had an exquisite taste for poetry, and could almost repeat the chief English poets by heart, especially Milton, Pope, Collins, Gray, and the poetical passages of Shakspeare; and she composed easy verses herself with great facility. It is probable that her conversation and example contributed greatly to my early bent to poetry. Two versifications from Isaiah and Jeremiah, which I wrote for school-tasks at Christmas, 1777, my age fifteen, and which gained great applause, fixed my ambition to write verses for life.

On my arrival at Cambridge, October, 1780, I gave myself up to English poetry. I had, in studying Milton's noble sonnets,—noble in defiance of Johnson,—convinced myself of the force and majesty of plain language; and I resolved never to be seduced into a departure from it. The consequence was, that my first poems were coldly received, though praised in "Maty's Review" of May, 1785. I would not change my system; but this coldness chilled and blighted me for some years; and from 1785 to 1791, I wrote no more poetry. Then I poured out my unpremeditated strains rather copiously in my little novel of "Mary de Clifford," published anonymously in January, 1792, at the age of twenty-nine, which immediately obtained some popularity, and is not yet, after forty-one years, entirely forgotten. It was written with a fervid rapidity, which no one seems to believe;—begun in October, 1791, and the sheets sent to the press by the post as fast as they were scribbled. It found its way without name, advertisement, or the smallest interference on my part; and after a few months, the publisher soliciting to buy the copyright of me, I sold it him for a mere trifle, happy to release myself from the expense of the printing and paper, but not getting enough to pay the cost of the two etchings executed by Morris, a pupil of Woollet.

Altogether, the years from 1785 to 1791 were not amongst the most dangerous, but amongst the most wearisome and low-spirited of my life, and those on which I look back with the most regret;—in which my pride was most mortified, and my self-complacence most disturbed. The years from twenty-two to twenty-nine ought to have been the most vigorous period of life: with me it was a fall of faculties, which I cannot contemplate without deep debasement. I remember how I pored over "Dugdale's Baronage" during that time, and transcribed pedigrees from the British Museum! The consequence was, that I sank in the estimation of the few who knew me into the character of a mere compiler. I suspect that I did so even in my own estimation. I can scarcely account for the spell that broke through this superincumbence. It was a mist that broke it too!—a walk of an

October morning through the thickest grey vapours I ever encountered. Then it was that the outline of the tale of "Mary de Clifford" darted upon me; and I went home and wrote the first sheet, and sent it to the printer in London by that post. Seven years of dullness had not rendered my pen unpliant when I thus took it up. Thought, sentiment, poetry, language, flowed as quick as I could write. The "Monthly Review" had said that there was a stiffness in my first poems, 1785: no one will accuse of stiffness the language of "Mary de Clifford."

But the success of this tale only reassured me for a moment. I relapsed for six years more; but not into the same abasement. I made several vain efforts to get into Parliament, and I accepted a troop in a regiment of fencible cavalry, which I held for two years, from 1795 to 1797. 43

The Gatherer.

Curious Bequest.—Craven Hill, near Paddington, formerly belonged to the Earl of Craven. A field on this estate is liable to be used as a place of interment for persons dying of the plague, if that dreadful disease should again appear in London. It was the provision of the Earl of Craven, whose exertions were unahated during the Great Plague and the Fire of London: his lordship originally gave for the above purpose the spot of ground now occupied by Carnaby Market; but, as the town extended, an exchange took place for this field.

P. T. W.

At Leominster, Herefordshire, is an hospital for poor widows, founded by Mrs. Hester Clark; and in the centre of the building is a statue, in a cocked hat and wig, brandishing a hatchet. On one side of the statue is an inscription:—

"He that gives away all before he is dead,
Let 'em take this hatchet and knock him on the head."

W. G. C.

Poetry.—There is scarce any poet, except Shakspeare, in whom there are more original and more forcible passages than in Byron. —Sir E. Brydges.

A Pleasant Election.—Dr. Hawkins, in his *Elements of Medical Statistics*, states that "a *Suicide Club* is said to have existed lately at Paris; but the members were not likely to become numerous; they were twelve in number, and the leading regulation directed, that one member should be annually elected to put an end to himself." J. H. F.

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